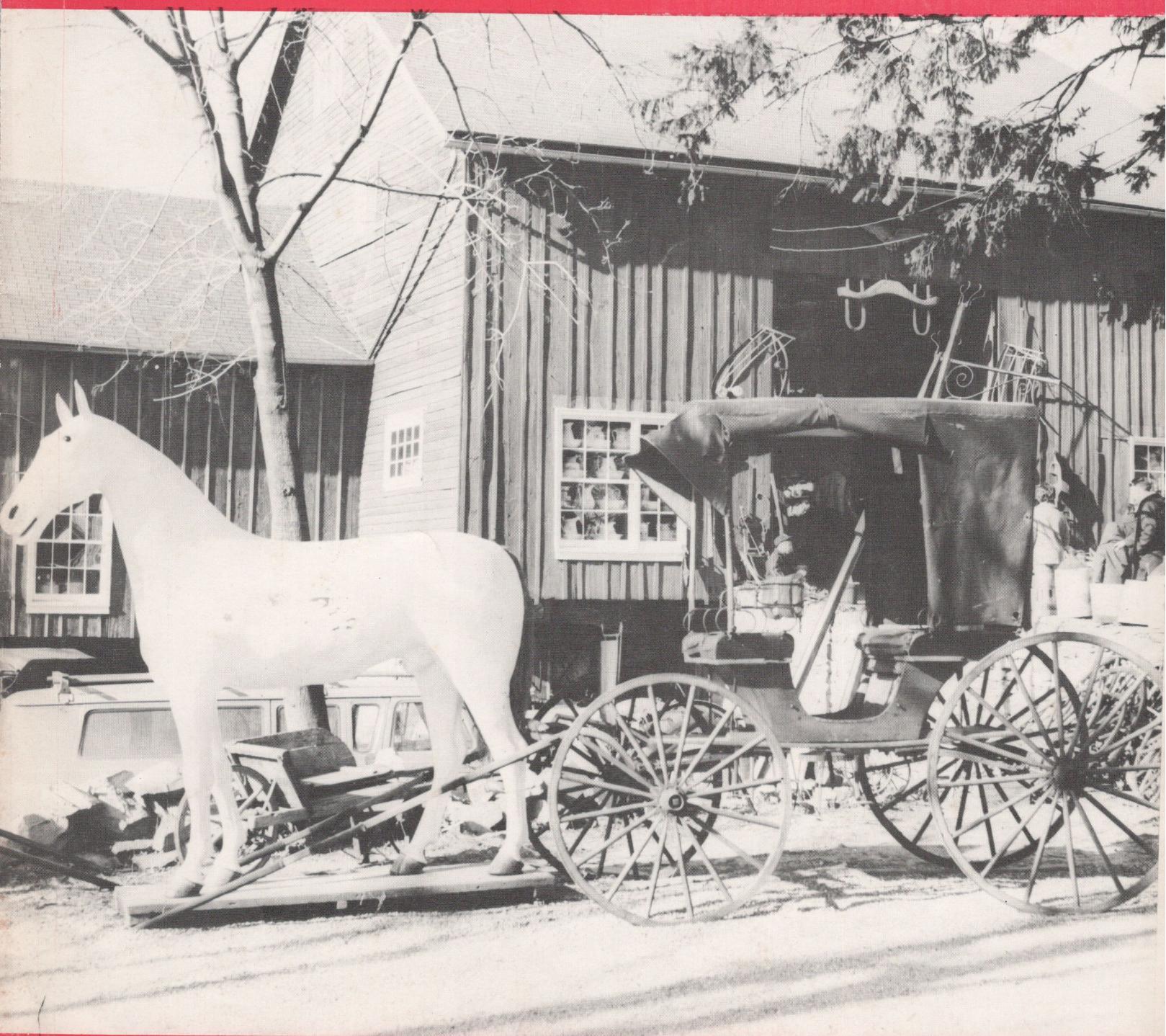


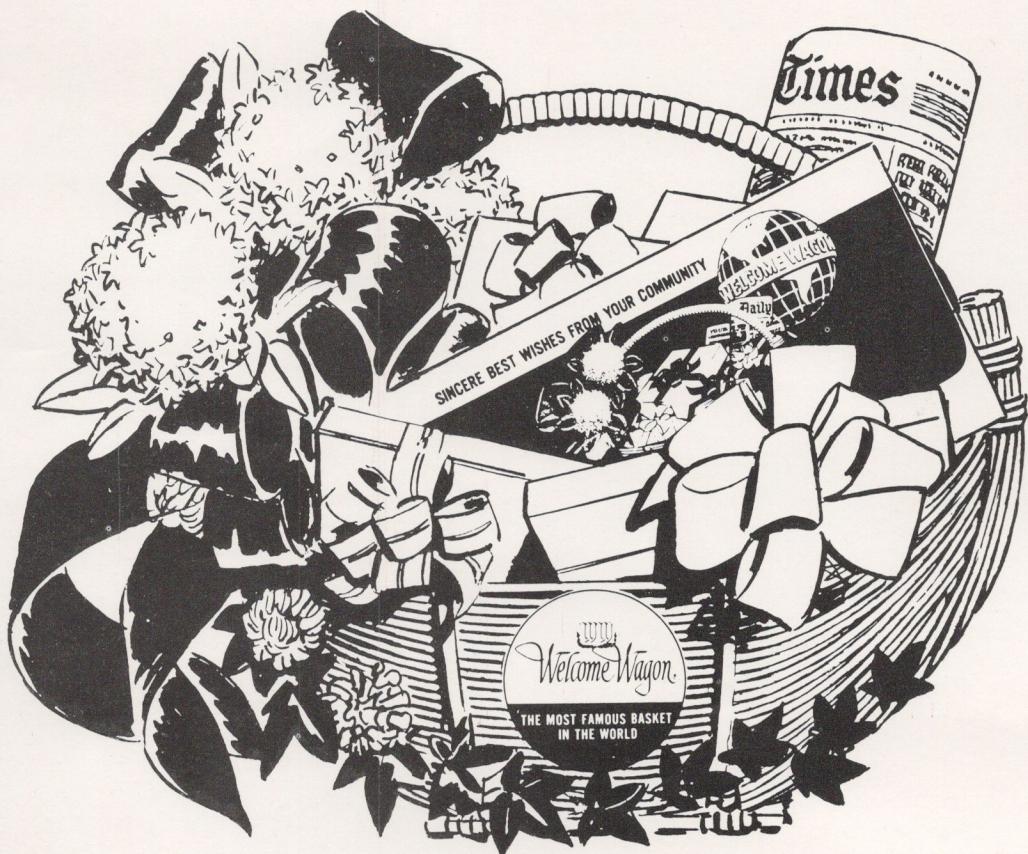
MAY ★ 1969 ★ 25¢

Bucks County **PANORAMA**



ANTIQUES ISSUE

Photo by Christopher Brooks



"The Most Famous Basket in the World"

A beautifully decorated basket, The Most Famous Basket in the World, is the proud identification of the Welcome Wagon hostess. Wherever she goes, it is the symbol and physical evidence of the service she renders. It is her entree into every home in which she calls, and her most effective tool when she makes a sales presentation. Truly, it is "The Most Famous Basket in the World"!

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Bucks County **PANORAMA**

— The Magazine of Bucks County —

ESTABLISHED 1959

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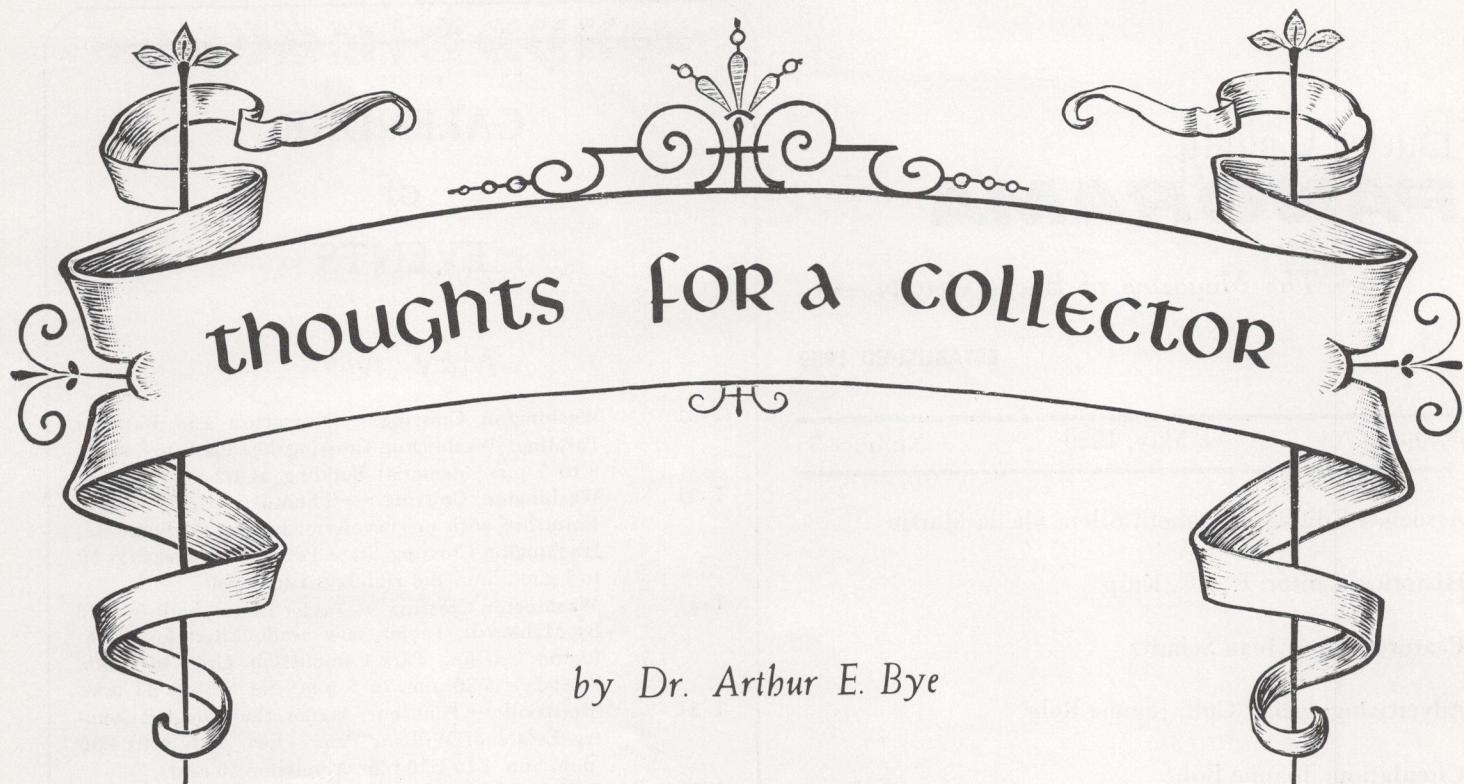
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CALENDAR of EVENTS

May, 1969

1-31	Washington Crossing — Narration and Famous Painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware", Daily 9 to 5 p.m. Memorial Building, at 1/2 hr. intervals.
1-31	Washington Crossing — Thompson-Neely House Furnished with pre-Revolutionary pieces, Route 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Open weekdays 10 to 5 p.m., Sun. and Holidays 1 to 5 p.m.
1-31	Washington Crossing — Taylor House, built in 1812 by Mahlon K. Taylor, now headquarters for Washington Crossing Park Commission. Open to public Weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sat. 8:30 to 11 a.m.
1-31	Morrisville — Pennsbury Manor, there-created Country Estate of William Penn. Open daily 9 to 4:30 p.m. Sun. 1 to 4:30 p.m. Admission 50 cents.
1-31	Fallsington — Burges-Lippincott House, 18th Century architecture. Open to public Wed. thru Sun., incl. Hol., 1 to 5 p.m. Admission: Adults 50 cents, students 25 cents, Children under 12 free if accompanied by an adult.
1-31	Bristol — The Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum, 610 Radcliffe St. Victorian Decor. Hours: Tues. Thurs. and Sat. — 1 to 3 p.m. Also by appointment.
1-31	Pineville — Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The country's largest private collection of hand-carved semi-precious stones. Open to public Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun 1 to 5 p.m. 50 cents.
1-31	Doylestown — Mercer Museum, Pine and Ashland Sts. Hours: Sun. 1 to 5 p.m., Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Monday. Library of the Society — Tues. thru Fri. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Wed. 1 to 2 p.m. Admission-Adults \$1.00 and children under 12 50 cents.
1-31	New Hope — Mule-drawn barge rides, daily except Mon. See Canal Life as it was 125 years ago. Hours: 1:00, 3:00, 4:30 and 6:00 p.m.
1-31	Telford — Lockwood Galleries, 345 Church Road. Paintings, sculpture, pottery and weaving exhibits. Evenings 6 to 10 p.m., Sat. & Sun. 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
1-31	Churchville — Nature Education Center, Churchville County Park, Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun 2 to 5 p.m. Family Nature programs — Sun. 2 p.m.
1-22	Chalfont — Tic-Toc Trolley Rides — Wed. and Sat. Reservations necessary. Group rates. Box 215, Chalfont, Pa. 18914 or 215-822-2812.
	Warrinster — Fischer & Porter Co., County Line Rd., Art. Exhibit, students from Moore College of Art 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Mon. thru Fri.

(continued on page 22)



When, at the Battle of Poitiers in 1356, the Black Prince (famous collector of hostages) took prisoner Jean II of France, holding him for high ransom, he little thought that posterity would remember the defeated king as the founder of a dynasty of great art patrons and collectors. The history of French and Flemish painting begins with the names of John's three sons: Charles V, the Wise, King of France; Jean, Duc de Berri; and Philip le Hardi, Duc de Bourgoine. They are immortalized in the marvelous illuminated manuscripts of the time which they commanded to be made and which they so passionately collected. Their portraits are more famous than their deeds.

That art immortalizes both the artist and the patron was no new idea in the fourteenth century Anno Domini. The pharaohs of Egypt, the Kings of Babylonia, the tyrants of Greece and the emperors of Rome felt sure of their fame only when their names were lettered on works of art.

The passion for objects of great beauty and fine craftsmanship was never confined, however, to kings and potentates. In Rome, so Cicero tells us, collecting was a craze. "Look at Chrysogon," he writes, "his palace overflows with vases of Delos and Corinthian bronze. He keeps there the famous authepsa (plate warmer) bought by him some time ago at such a price that, on hearing the auctioneer's voice repeat the bid, passers-by imagined a farm was being sold."

But that there were also poor collectors in Rome is shown by a comment of Martial, "Eros weeps every time

he comes across some fine table of citrus wood. He sighs and sighs from the bottom of his heart because he is not rich enough" and goes on to add, "How many are like Eros without showing it, and how many banter him for his tears and sighs, and yet in their hearts feel like him!"

That the Frankish King Clovis was a collector of Goldsmith's work we learn from the story of St. Godebert. One day the saint broke one of the King's rarest cups of jasper all studded with precious stones, and seeing Clovis' sorrow at such a loss, picked up the fragments, and, praying over them, performed a miracle, handing the monarch the cup restored to one piece as before.

It was a perilous quest, that of the Holy Grail. Joseph of Arimathea had brought it to the shores of England. The cup, a marvellous chalice, strangely wrought in silver with magic symbols was the most holy relic of Christendom. Its finding was the promise of the ideal knight.

The search goes on today, no less romantically. Some believe the cup is found; scholars and experts have written books about it; sceptics as well as believers make pilgrimages to its resting place in New York City, (the cloisters of the Metropolitan Museum).

There never was a time when men did not crave beauty — objects of artistic worth. There never was a dark age for art. Somewhere whether in Byzantium, Spain, or Ireland, Persia, China or Japan, a great art flourished. In Ireland, during the seventh century, they made the inside

of bells as beautiful as the outside, for God saw within, and thus the artist glorified Him.

If we look, we can always find the artist at work, whether in castle, palace, or town hall, monastery, abbey or cathedral, the painter decorating walls, the glazier leading stained-glass windows, the goldsmith chiselling cups, the sculptor carving screens or choir stalls, the monks illuminating missals.

Why do men love fine houses, paintings tapestries, and sculptures? Merely because they need beauty in their lives? Yes, and yet no. That, to be sure, is a natural craving, but beauty can be found in a forest glade, or flowered field. No, a work of art is something different; it is order brought out of chaos, a result of human effort. The artist, if he be truly gifted, is a skillful craftsman, with the intuition of a prophet or seer. His imagination reaches beyond ours, and he interprets our own dreams. We treasure his works because they express what we, the rest of us, would like to do or say, but cannot.

The question can be worded thus. Why do we like to live in historic houses, or in those built, let us say in the style of Sir Christopher Wren, furnished by Chippendale and hung with pictures by Romney or Reynolds? We want the best to be had, if possible. We enjoy fine company. Our daily lives, for the most part, are spent with commonplace affairs and people. We struggle against degradation. If we can come back home to greet the shade of Wren, and to dine with Romney while Lady Hamilton smiles over her shoulder from out her frame, we are in distinguished company. We feel elated, yes, it is gratifying to be so near the great.

Gratifying? But that's a poor word. Is it enough to congratulate oneself on being able to buy these things and to live with them? No; works of art make us nobler than that. And here is the great educative and spiritualizing influence of master works. One may feel merely gratified with an expensive house, with a purely decorative picture, or with a derivative painting. But a work by a great master elevates on. To the extent that we can understand and appreciate it, we are ennobled, made akin to the master himself. Then we can truly enjoy his company and take our rightful place beside him and other great men of the past.

Have you ever noticed the hush that comes over one in the presence of works of art? Men and women, entering a collector's house, talk in low whispers, while the critic, himself, is awed into silence in the presence of a masterpiece.

It is right to place the aesthetic, which includes the philosophic value of art first. But there is the economic value as well. It is easily demonstrated by a question or two. How long does an ugly building last? A generation? Hardly. How long does a commonplace statue remain in place? Away with it! Scrap it! One might just as well throw one's money in the street as to waste it on an ugly object.

On the other hand, how long do we treasure what is

beautiful? Forever, if possible. How lovingly do we care for our old Colonial homestead, a delicately carved chair, a portrait exquisitely interpretative of noble human character! No wonder the market value of such things is high! And they will always be so, for we cannot conceive of a time when men will not treasure loveliness.

If a merchant needs figures, let him glance through the art sales catalogues over a period of years, and he will see for himself the steady rise of prices. There is no more certain investment than in works of art.

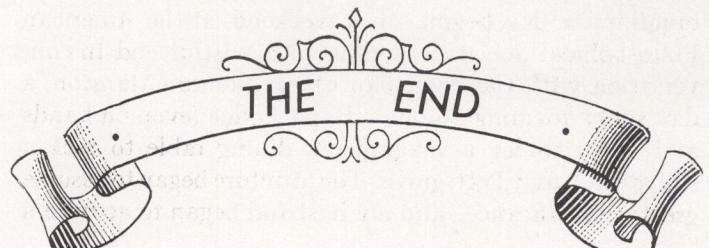
But the strange thing is, the layman — the man who has spent his time with business — says he does not understand. He pleads a lack of taste, or of critical discernment. He would like to enter the field of art, but who will guide him? The answer is, let him give as much time to the purchase of a work of art, as he would to the buying of other property, and that same keen intelligence which made him the success he is, will continue to guide him right. In other investments he consults an expert, a lawyer, a banker, or an engineer. Why not also an art expert?

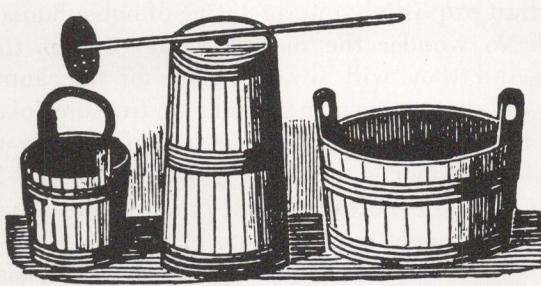
And what is the cost of a work of art? Shall we say ten dollars, or ten thousand? A good etching can be had for the price of a new tire, and a painting? Yes, a good old one, for the cost of a car, a Ford, a Buick or a Rolls Royce. It is a question of what we put first.

One has to beware of false values, fluctuations of taste and style, therefore of market prices and instead, to judge by personal appeal, those qualities which satisfy one's hunger for beauty, which enoble us and make us companions of the great.

There are two ways of collecting. One is by patronage, the other by discovery. The first is the way of magnates, like Lorenzo di Medici who could command the treasures of the world. Many other names rush to our own memories. J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Mellon, John D. Rockefeller, financiers and statesmen who loved to surround themselves with works of art, and whom posterity will remember as founders of art galleries and museums.

The second way is by discovery, by the scholar or student who, by patient seeking now and then finds a masterpiece. Some years ago a portrait of a little boy with a bird cage by Goya was discovered by a moving hand in a Philadelphia cellar. First noticed as something merely interesting it was not recognized as a work of the great Spanish artist until it passed from one purchaser to another, each time mounting in price until it was valued at \$75,000. It is priceless today.





CONFESIONS OF A BUFF

by Janice Allen

This is the story of "One Man's Family" and antiques. It all began about fifteen years ago when a friend of mine asked a casual question at lunch. We just happened to be in the country for a luncheon date, and we were guiltily absorbing hot mince pie with vanilla sauce, I remember, when my friend said, "Does your husband have any relatives about named Duffield? I just came across the name in one of my old books. Wasn't there a Duffield in his mother's family somewhere? Edward Duffield was a clockmaker in early Philadelphia, you know!"

Surely this remark must have begun things, being to a history major from former Halls of Learning what the fire bells are to the Dalmatian! And while I had not been a modernist in approach to furniture and decor, certainly I could never have been described as an antiquary despite my scholarly training! However, the note had been struck, and the hour began.

The romantic chase, still tantalizingly unfinished, of our clockmaker and of his brilliant but errant son, served to intrigue the male member of the household. How else might he have coped with a wife late with dinner because she had been prowling through the briars in an old acreage on Grant Avenue, scribbled map in hand, proving to herself and the friend who started the chain of events, that this indeed had been Benfield, the old country place mentioned in the old papers? And yes, the color prints were really pictures made by such a pair of women in the churchyard; this was the tomb of Edward! The gentleman had little choice but to join her, since he couldn't beat her; in fact, I do think he felt "left out" of provocative situations.

So it was that he and I began the endless and wonderful *affaire* with historical lore, the tangibles and the intangibles: a day begun, on a weekend, at the American Philosophical Society, winding to a wistful end in conversation with the custodian of the Stenton Mansion; a day spent roaming through Hope Lodge (even on hands and knees under a magnificent dining table to seek a signature!), and Pottsgrove. The furniture began to assume greater significance, and my husband began to acquire a

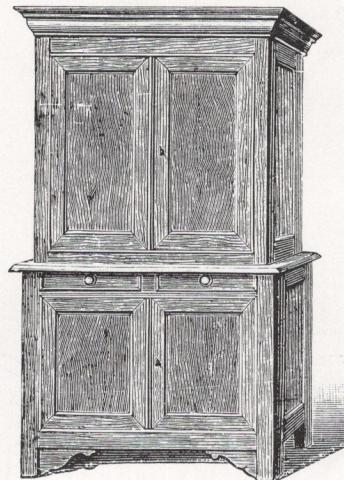
new look in his eyes — a glint, perhaps, that presaged a new library on refinishing woods, and repairing!

Meanwhile, I was succumbing to the great fun of Collecting, a syndrome that begins with the capital C, narrowing then to particulars like alphabet plates, and the harder-to-find alphabet cups. The Bucks County shops knew my friend and me very well, my husband less well, since he was heading for larger game, could I say, but moving slowly. I discovered the excitement of the Auction, and I missed only by a hair bringing home a Duffield clock, whose price brought my husband to his feet in outrage. But such fun!

The day then did come, that we returned triumphantly from the ardors of observing some Franklin diggings in town, photostating Duffield papers, and the like; and we looked at our surroundings at home. Had we looked at them before? The dining room was dull, quite kid-proof, comfortable enough. My ever-conservative husband frowned thoughtfully. And a week later, we were driving out in Bucks County . . . the country! It just so happened that the Food Money was in my wallet . . . the antique sixth sense, or the sixth antique sense, might I say gently! One just never knows; I recommend from some unhappy experiences that a wife should never be without that extra bit needed when the husband recoils and takes wistful refuge in the fact that the checkbook is absent. So it happened that the first propitious hunting tripled us into a favorite shop; we saw in one corner a Welsh cupboard, a large piece, fortified in the back by what I as the utter novice would describe as half the tree, to make sure it was sturdy! The piece was painted a dull barn red, undercoated by some five previous colors. But my lack of imagination faltered when my husband unearthed the basic warm pine. The top and bottom of our new "china closet" arrived within a few days and disappeared in the basement. (an aside: one loses her man for many evenings and weekends in these situations, but the reward is great, in a self-satisfied spouse and a handsome cupboard! And one forgets easily that doors had been removed, paint scratched, and tempers had been lost) I must admit, too,

that the Library had been appended from thick tomes on obscure mathematics and physics, to a highly recommended hard-to-find text entitled *The Complete Book of Furniture Repair and Refinishing* by Ralph Parsons Kinney. Incidentally, this wife "found" it in New York, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. And the recipes in it have an odd odor, sometimes! But its successful lore produces the most excellent results from the most unlikely beginnings. It was unfortunate that our Welsh cupboard preceded the acquisition of this book, for we knew little of the means by which one keeps the patina of this warm old wood. As travelers in this very efficient, modern age of speed, we felt that all those coats of paint could and should be removed, sensibly and with dispatch by electrical scrapers. Ah, but such sacrilege! In between the base of this lovely piece, and the top, the knowledge came: the base, scraped of its paints so quickly, appeared like a spanking new section from the lumber yard. The upper section, more lovingly tended as suggested by Mr. Kinney, emerged with a warm, honey glow coaxing for a compliment! And it was indeed a test of endurance, all those tests to "match" the two. For, indeed, all the stains in the world cannot truly be the patina of an old wood. Nor can rubbing, waxing, steel-wooling bring that certain "look" if it has been erased.

We went out again, freshly confident now, to seek just the corner cupboard to fit the dining room. However a phone call from that friend, mentioned in the beginning of these Confessions, intervened almost abruptly, as only the Antiques Buff's enthusiasm can send one in an opposite direction. She had a close neighbour at the time: a very handsome old gentleman in his late eighties who had enjoyed the "Collector's Bug" in its most virulent and valuable form — he had tossed away absolutely nothing since he was twelve years old! He and a long-suffering wife had lived in the old house, built in the early 1700's, until they were eventually crowded literally into two rooms with an aisleway between things even there. Mr. B. and his good woman were eccentrics, to be sure, but their lifelong collecting provided a kaleidoscope of memorabilia not often available to the romantic Buff or to the very serious Antiques Shopper. At this point, of course, discrimination counted, for a quite priceless gun collection was intermingled with old wicker furniture; ferneries

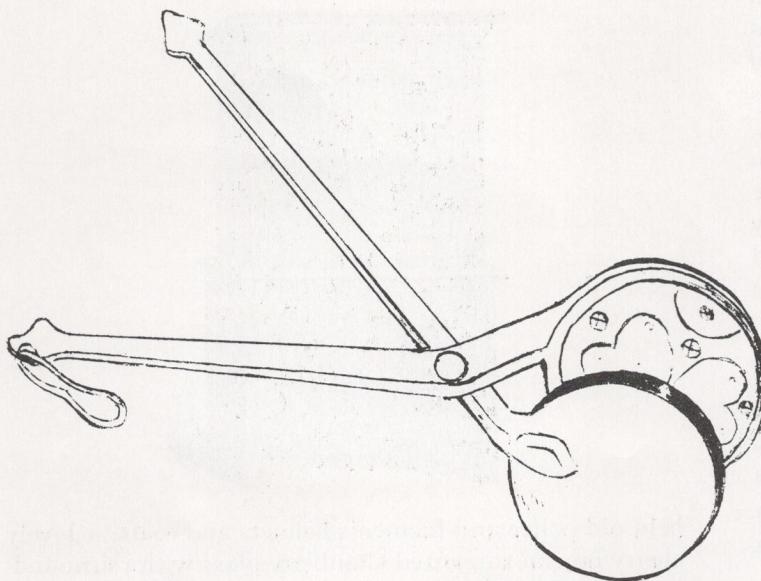


held old police and firemen's helmets and coats; a lovely cherry bureau supported Cranberry glass with a surrounding pile of stuffed birds! An attic, three bedrooms, and the rooms downstairs contained the tragic and comic history of the neighbourhood over seventy years; the workshops outside told their own tale in tools and equipment. Some of us had the privilege of visiting Mr. B. in his lifetime; my friend was especially welcomed as a whimsical collector herself. But the tale had to end one day, and a curiously disinterested granddaughter was most eager to dispose of the contents of the whole farmhouse, regardless of values. Again, that Food Money just happened to be in the wallet, but I regret to have to admit that I did back off at the wrong time, too cautiously, too unimaginatively, only to see many tables and an exquisite desk taunting me in a shop! This Buff has a recommendation again for the "newly bitten" friend: buy it when you see it, and worry later, for the object you want will probably not be available the next time that your hot little fingers are burning with the cash that was not destined for the chops!

However, that intervening phone call concerning the sale of Mr. B.'s collections did produce an exciting find that was worth many a hamburger. This piece of furniture was a handsome mahogany drop-leaf table we had never seen in our tours through the house — small wonder! It had been tucked under a mattress that was under an ancient washing machine which supported a lamp. (I'd often wondered about the table Mr. B. mentioned; it had belonged to his grandmother who had treasured it!) The treasured table was by now doing poorly, I had to admit to my husband as he pulled the remains from the trunk of the car. The granddaughter's son had really been hastening its demise by shoving it out the door of the shed, breaking off three legs! And then the poor thing resided for a year in a large basket in our basement, the top sturdily protruding to remind us of its needs!

The table waited because the Buffs had too soon left
(continued on page 18)





The wafer iron is a reminder of days when sweets were a rare and simple item. These small black castiron baking molds produced a thin sweet cake that knows no equal in delicate goodness.

The irons can still be purchased occasionally in an antique shop, but the use of them has been forgotten by most people. Many dealers have mistaken the small black molds for waffle irons, or even for tanners' stamps used in marking leather.

But they can be seen in number in the Mercer Museum in Doylestown. There were collected by some thoughtful historian who saw them becoming extinct, and wanted to preserve them and the knowledge of them for future generations.

They are a homey item, and took their place leaning against a fireplace along with spiders, skillets, and bread toasters that were set over glowing coals.

The small black iron cake-makers vary in length from two and a half feet, including the long handle, to three feet. The rimless baking plates themselves range from four and one half inches to seven inches in diameter. In shape, they are oval, round, or rectangular.

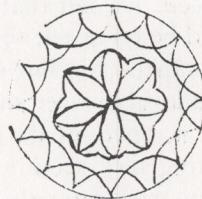
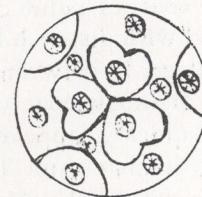
Early iron artists left their marks on the small irons. Faces of the plates have designs of flowers, stars, hearts, symbols, monograms, and *fleur-de-lis*.

There is a difference between the waffle iron and the wafer iron. The waffle iron has a rim along the baking plates for catching the overflow of the batter. The waffle iron also produces a cake about one third of an inch thick. The rimless wafer iron opens up to expose a dry sweet cake no thicker than a piece of blotting paper. These cakes can be cooked even over a modern stove, on a burner.

There is a joy and deep satisfaction in reaching back in time and rescuing or preserving some almost-lost practice. Especially when the result is something so delicious as a wafer cake.

THE WAFER IRON

by Virginia Castleton Thomas



On some cold night when wintry breezes try to slip in any crevice, when the boughs on the winter trees sway tautly in the cold air, take out a pair of the wafer irons you have tracked down in an out of the way shop.

An old recipe, which will produce quantity enough for many sweet-toothed people is as follows.

Stir together one-half pound powdered sugar, one-fourth pound butter. Then add 6 well beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, one-half teaspoon rose water, and one-half teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add enough flour to make a thin batter of the right consistency to spread with a knife on the baking iron, which has been previously heated on top of the stove. Bake a golden brown and roll at once. If any batter spreads outside the iron, trim with a knife. This is enough batter to make 32 cakes.

After rolling them, open and spread with whipped cream.

Old recipes say to butter the miniature baking irons with a feather. A modern-day pastry brush might be more convenient. But whether with a feather or brush, butter them well. Then beat up a rich batter with rose water you have found in the drugstore, or perhaps in one of the gourmet shops in Peddler's Village. The rose water is necessary because it is a taste of yesterday, and these are yesterday's cakes we are making. You could use other flavoring; but try for the rosewater.

Do you wonder these cakes held popularity for centuries? Wafer irons and their usage date back in time at least to Carthage. A pair of the irons found there were used in the sixth or seventh century.

Their final disappearance seems oddly associated with the disappearance of wood burning stoves, and yet the cakes can be as easily baked on top of modern stoves, if they are carefully watched.

If you can find an iron and rescue it from oblivion, try the cakes, and have a taste of a delicacy of yesterday.

MAY AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEPS

by Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey



May Day as a celebration of spring's arrival has been putting a lilt in the air since the days of the old Roman empire. The early festival was a time of gaiety in honor of Flora, the goddess of springtime and flowers. After 173 B.C. it was celebrated annually from April 28 to May 3rd.

For centuries since, particularly in poetic England, May Day has been a light-hearted time of filling spring baskets and dancing about a ribbon-decked May-pole.

But other traditions that few people are aware of are related to this festive occasion. Young people used the holiday for dressing up in costumes in much the same way children in today's small-town areas dress up on Halloween or at Thanksgiving time.

The children gathered in bands of familiarity the way young ones today on the same block will go "begging" together on Halloween. So, in England, girls who were milkmaids, donned their best aprons, decorated their milk pails with ribbons and flowers. Then they went forth together roaming the streets, singing and dancing. Sometimes they led a milch cow which they had festooned with ribbons and posies and they would from time to time stop and dance about the animal to the notes of a violin.

Another group consisted of young boys dressed up as Robin Hood's band. He was as colorful and beloved a character in the heart of a hero-to-be then as he is now

But it was the third group of costumed children that was certainly the largest and the most touching. For these young people May Day was the glow of light, sun and freshness which was so little a part of their lives. This group was the city's chimney sweeps.

Through the streets of London, every May Day, poured

the spindly figures, straggling even into the early 20th century. The celebrants were black-faced and sooty-garbed for every day of the year, but not on the first of May! On this happy holiday they danced in fantastic outfits decorated with gilt paper, their hands waving brushes and shovels — the marks of their trade. On this day, the accoutrements struck no dirt or soot but served as noise-makers, a rattling music to which the spirited feet whirled and pranced.

With each band of chimney sweeps went a strangely-attired female (a man in disguise) glittering with spangles and showered with ribbons. Besides this eye-catching spectacle could be seen the most popular figure in the parade — a personage called "Jack-in-the-green." This figure was formed by a man concealed within a frame of herbs and flowers (only his legs showing) and sporting a flag atop the framework. When the chimney sweeps would stop and dance to the clatter of their brushes and shovels, this "frame" figure would join in with his wooden antics, much to the delight of the watching crowds. When it came time for passing the "cap," it was an accepted fact that "Jack-in-the-green" gathered the most money. He was to them what the clown is to the circus of today.

Although the May Day festivities from early centuries boasted dragon "fights"; hobbyhorse races, and archery contests as well as May-pole dances, no traditional celebrants outshone the small bands of roving children in the city streets. Of these merry-gowned groups none stick tighter to the heart of recollection than the stringy-legged chimney sweeps in their gaudy costumes.

An old child's milk mug owned now by the author, testifies to the love of May Day and the sooty children

(continued on page 26)



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INNKEEPER —

H. Clifton Neff, Jr.

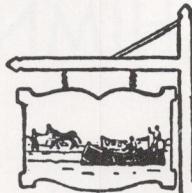


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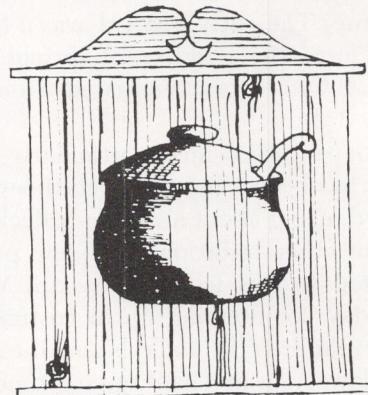
Tow Path House was founded in 1932 and its unique decor and food became well known to people from the inception of the Bucks County Playhouse in 1938.

Since 1952, it has been operated and owned by Walter Gellert with the exception of a three year period from 1965 to 1968.

It was recently opened again under Mr. Gellert's supervision and is once more featuring its famous Rock Lobster Thermidor, together with its famous Roast Duckling and Orange Sauce. Many interesting dishes are also served at luncheon such as: Beef Creole with Noodles, Shrimp Curry with Rice, and Chicken Pie.

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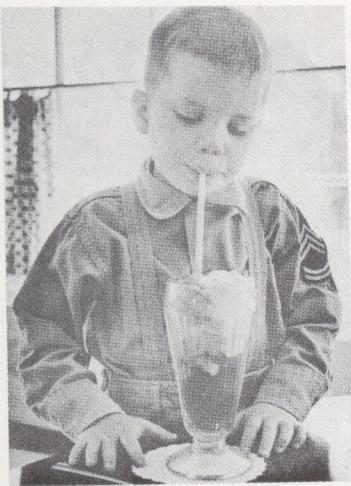
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**Rambling
with
Russ**

by

A. Russell Thomas

APPRECIATION: Commander John J. Smith of the Bucks County Council Veterans of Foreign Wars writes from Bristol, sincerely thanking this RAMBLER for a recent column comment advocating Veterans Day as a state school holiday. "I hope this splendid article will bring the idea to the people of Bucks County and our legislators.

"I notice that in recent days the V.F.W. stand on prayers in the classroom has been receiving statewide publicity," Commander Smith notes. "In this day of troubled college campus activity, if we do not teach our children in lower classes we will have no further need for college education. I certainly want to thank **Panorama** for the valuable publicity in your column, something we are severely lacking in our local news media."

* * *

PINPOINTING Personalities: When the Trenton Times newsroom reorganized recently, Managing Editor Dave E. ment of Bachelor Jim Fitzsimmons of Willow Grove, as copy desk chief under News Editor Arnold C. Ropeik. Congratulations, Jim, always near the top in my list of the "Ten Most Wanted Newsmen." Fitzsimmons once brightened the pages of the Doylestown Daily Intelligencer, after some valuable training on the Inquirer. The popular journalist is one of the vice presidents of the Union Horse Company of Doylestown, Inc., which may or may not account for his advance in the newspaper world.

* * *

WELCOME, A Correction: President Elmer C. Cates of the Doylestown Trust Company who recently returned from a Key West, Florida vacation with his good wife, Jane, writes "I wouldn't miss your column in **Panorama** for anything... it is always good to look backwards."

In a column [January] I made mention of an annual meeting of the Doylestown Trust Company.

"I'm sure you meant the Bucks County Trust Company,

for the men you listed were directors of that bank," President Cates writes.

President Cates reminds this Rambler that among historic trivia, the Doylestown Trust Company is the oldest County Seat bank in years of continuous service! The bank was organized in 1896. In 1902 or 1903 the Doylestown National Bank was closed for six months or so while they reorganized and brought in new officers and collected an assessment from the shareholders. Yes, this was an exciting time in the financial history of Doylestown.

* * *

MAY, Year 1918: This Rambler well remembers 51 years ago this month in Romorantin, France, where, with an assignment to help organize the Liberty Flying Field at Air Service Production Center No. 2 where the largest Liberty aviation flying field in the world was located, where Liberty planes were assembled and tested. Sgt. Thomas was in charge of a crew of ten men picked from the 649th Aero Squadron sent to the First Advance Air Depot and Flying Field at Colombes les-Belles to take charge of Liberty planes leaving for the front.

My war diary shows that in late March, 1918, this Rambler received orders to report to the "Stars & Stripes" the official A.E.F. newspaper, in Paris. That order signed by General Pershing, directing me to leave Romorantin March 6, 1919 for Paris and duty on the news staff of the "Stars & Stripes" is one of my most cherished war souvenirs. Members of the staff were all assigned to The First Censor & Press Company, an outfit that remained in contact until the staff returned to the United States.

* * *

MAY PRIMARY: Dolly Madison was born on May 20, 1768 but this May 20th is more important to the eligible voters in Bucks County. It will be Primary Election Day and here are your candidates:

Judge of Court of Common Pleas — Judge Edmund V. Ludwig [R], Doylestown; Arthur B. Walsh [R], Middletown Township attorney endorsed by the Democrats.

District Attorney — Ward F. Clark [R, D], Doylestown, incumbent; Stephen I. Weiss [D], Doylestown.

Sheriff — Charles A. Jones [R], incumbent, Middletown Township; Gilbert Custer [D], Falls Township justice of the peace.

Controller — Daniel J. Maloney [R], incumbent; Samuel Laibstain [D], Middletown Township.

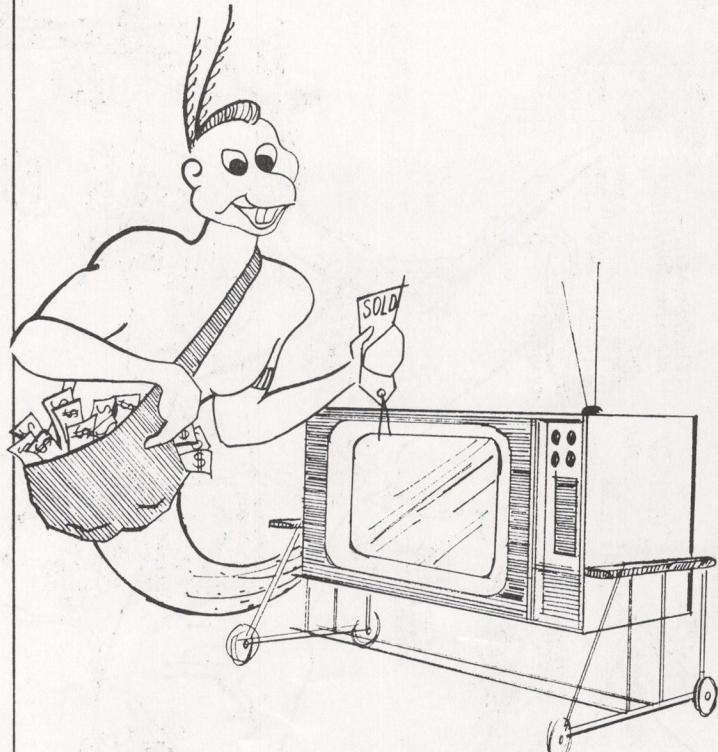
Recorder of Deeds — George E. Metzger [R], Warminster; William H. Funk [D], Doylestown.

Prothonotary — Charles L. Wirthington [R], Bristol; Margaret I. Bowen [D], Perkasie.

Jury Commissioner — Phyllis E. Wright [R], Upper Southampton Township; Mrs. Rose J. Trynoski [D], Bristol Township. [One named in each party at the primary.]

(continued on page 24)

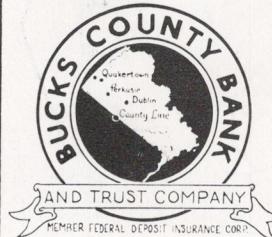
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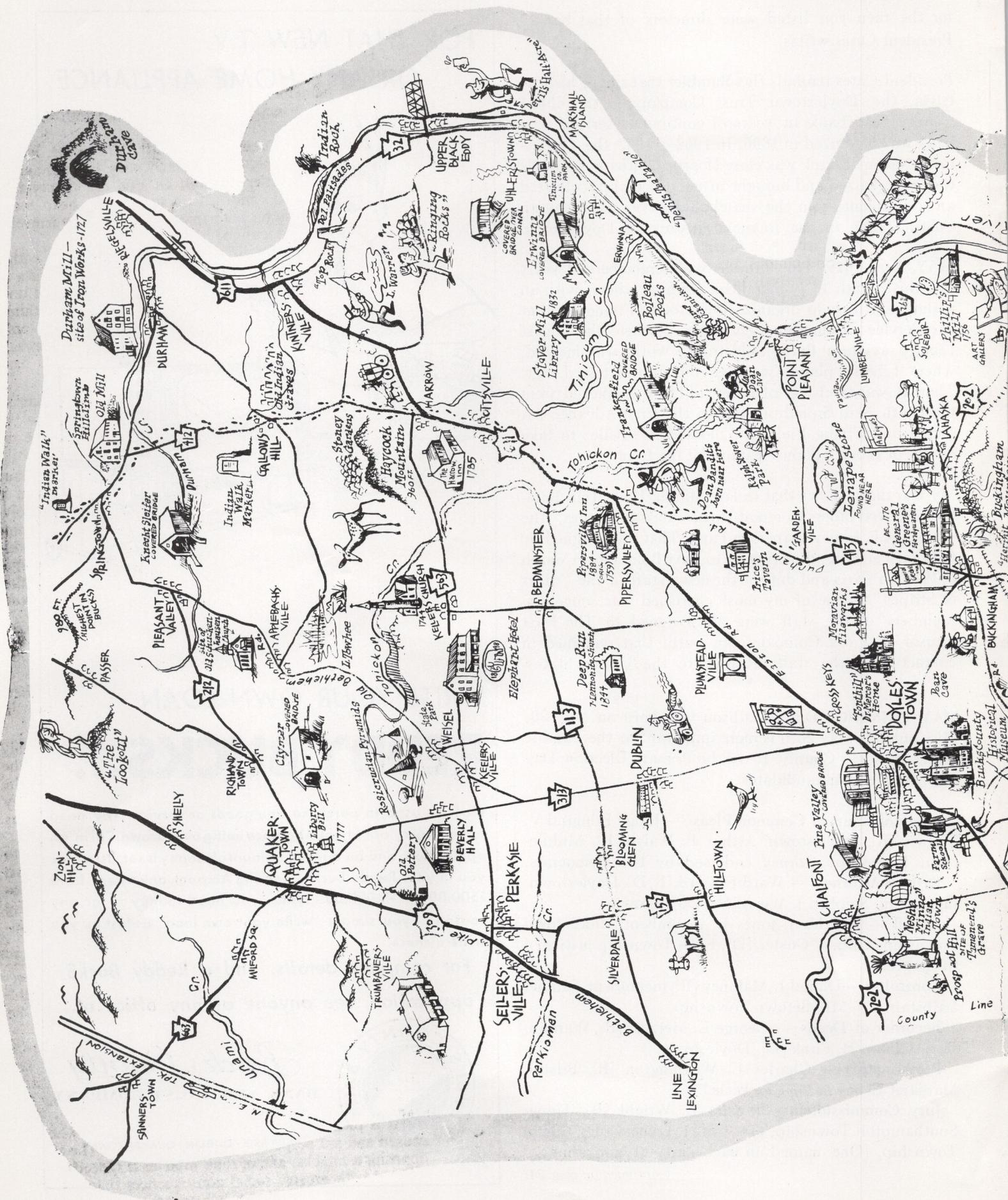
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For complete details, and a Ready Buck\$ application, see anyone at any office of..

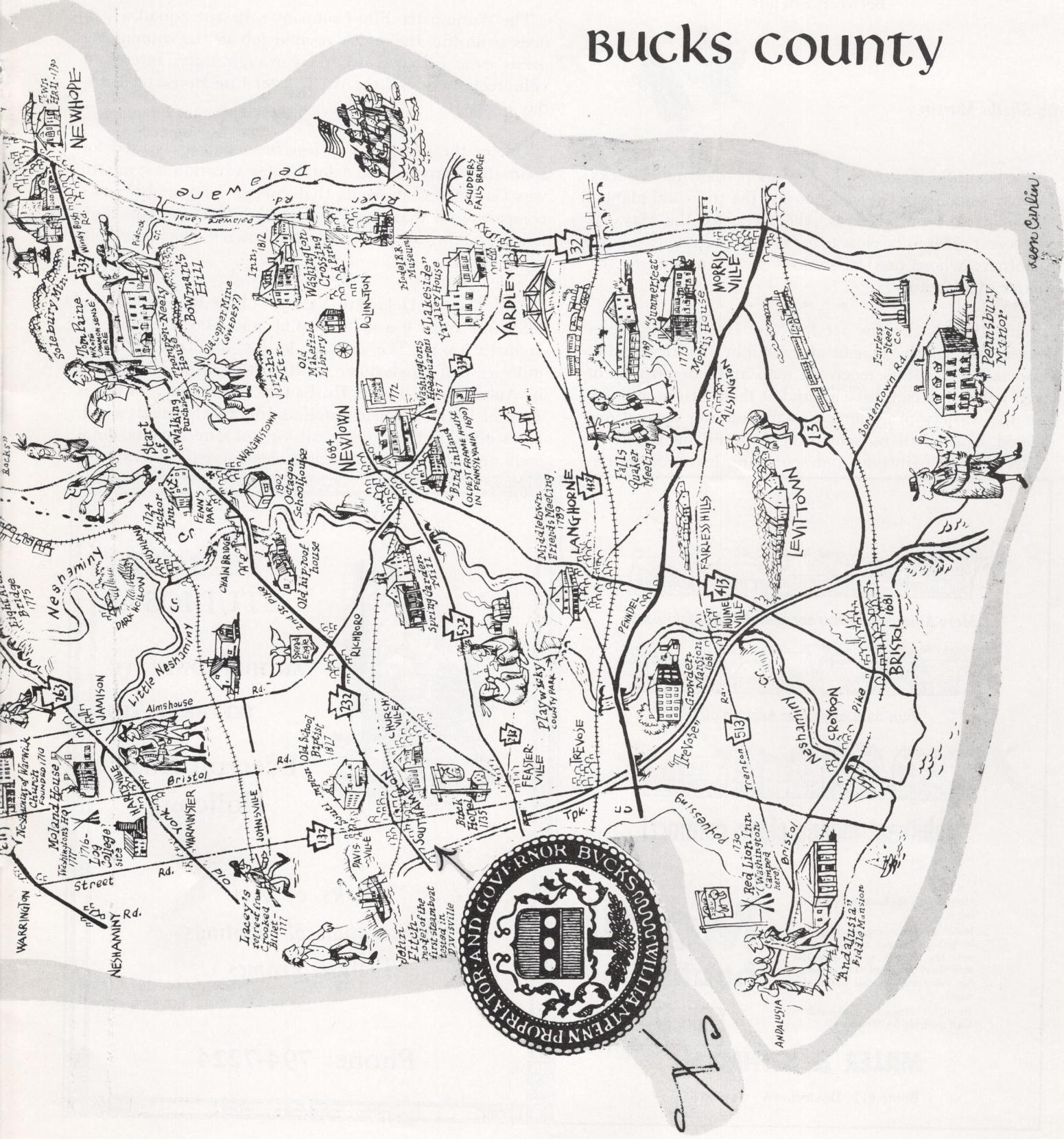


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A TOURIST'S GUIDE TO BUCKS COUNTY



both days.

The day is planned, publicized, financed and staged under the direction of various student committees.

* * *



Congratulations go to the Rev. Thomas B. Everist of Yardley who received the WFIL People are Great Salute recently. He was given the award for his inspirational program of recorded instructional and health messages for Boy Scouts, blind people, and the general public. He also serves as director of the Bucks County Association for the Blind.

* * *

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The Spring Supper Dance sponsored by the Treasure Chest of Doylestown for the benefit of retarded adults in the Doylestown area will be held May 3rd at the War-rington Country Club. As in the past this promises to be a truly delightful affair and the goals of the Treasure Chest are certainly praiseworthy. (With all the groups and individuals in Bucks County who act for the benefit of others, perhaps *Panorama* should start a Bucks County People are Great Salute.)

* * *

R. Kenneth Pierce of Levittown was elected the new president of the Bucks County Child Welfare Advisory Board. He is project director of the Bucks County Project for the Intensification of the Learning Process.

* * *

The Bristol-Levittown Kiwanis Club presented a check for \$1350 to the Bucks County Psychiatric Center to furnish the waiting room of the Center's new Penndel Clinic which opens May 23rd.

* * *

If you haven't visited the Bucks County Nurseries on Route 202 east of Doylestown, you have missed a great selection of trees and shrubs for your spring planting.

* * *

The pre-fair V.I.A. sponsored Stardust Ball will be held at the George Washington Convention Hall in Willow Grove on May 24th. Tickets for this popular dance may be had by calling Mrs. Woosnam at 348-5469.



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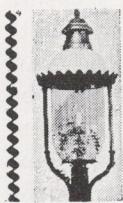
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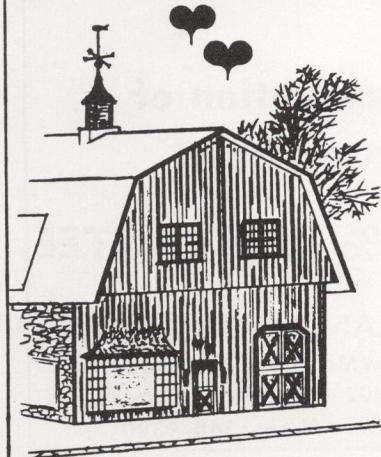
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(continued from page 7)

cated the Corner Cupboard of the husband's dreams. It was from that same shop, and it was "in the rough," as he prefers. It had just been brought in, and it was tall, with panelled doors. I thought I wanted glass doors, but no one heard me muttering; in fact, no one acknowledged my presence in the happy discussion of the age of the piece, the rattail hinges, and such. All I saw, in my frustration, was a high cupboard painted a violent mustard, with graining produced by the use of a fine-toothed comb, from top to bottom, inside and out. And I just knew that there would be that red barn paint under the mustard, and besides, it didn't have glass doors. (even a Buff can become petulant) I also had the nasty hope that it was too tall, and maybe it couldn't be delivered, either, and perhaps it was too expensive. It wasn't too tall, though, and it was delivered promptly, and my husband did not need my food money! I retaliated by consigning it to the garage, and I am certain he thought he was being consigned to the same place forever! But this was September and approaching Fall, and he worked with a full head of steam, evenings and weekends. I shall not forget the afternoon he appeared in the kitchen, not sheepishly, but elatedly; I must go out to see something. And there, in the garage, surrounded by all the cans, cloths, fine steel wool, stood our corner cupboard with the mellow softness of its good wood, the rubbed panels of its doors stroking smooth! And inside one door my husband had uncovered a name in script, Daniel Sohn. How carefully he had worked around that!

Still, the table waited in its basket. The corner cupboard moved in, was gently polished. Then, my favorite Buff discovered six arrow-back chairs, in excellent structural condition. They were properly painted, for their period, but we wanted them in their natural state of pine, and besides, the paint was in poor condition. They moved in, too. By now, the old round oak table in the dining room was pathetic.

It was a good sign when the green book on furniture repairing reappeared on my husband's night table. The vises showed up on the work bench, linseed oil started to boil, and after a bit, the dropleaf table moved in, and we were taking the vow to avoid snooping sessions on fine Saturdays. Enough is enough. Or should be.

But there was the time that the funny red chest of drawers in grandfather's turned out to be cherry; it moved in, too, upstairs, that is, not to the basement where it was supposed to hold the stuff too good to discard.

And of course, no one could resist the romance of a great grandfather's beautiful walnut bedstead which had been under the rafters for two generations in the family domicile. It is presently in the basement, partly in a basket. I've noticed that Mr. Kinney's book is back in the living room, with the marker on page 97, on sanding and smoothing to prepare for the new finish.



SOMETHING SPECIAL

by Christopher Brooks

Photography by Richard M. Trivane

William and Carol Harper, Directors of the Creative Play Nursery School in Newtown, are planning something of a unique venture in the way of summer camps for children in the Bucks County area. They recently acquired the forty acre Hidden Valley Riding Farm located at Pineville-Brownsburg Road in Upper Makefield Township. They are now enlarging it into a new summer camp.

The eight week summer camp will begin on July 8th. Within this summer camp will be three individual camps for children to enjoy.

There will be a Junior Camp for the 3-7 age bracket with an enclosed playground separating them from the older children. Their activities will include pony rides, puppetry, hand crafts, music and rhythms and the outdoor fun that is meaningful to a child attending summer camp.

An Intermediate Camp for children ranging in ages from 8-14 will offer horseback riding, soft ball, volley ball and tether ball, table tennis and croquet.

A third camp called Horsemanship Camp is for youngsters in the 8-14 age group who are interested in equestrian skills. Some 5-7 year olds will also be able to participate in the Horsemanship Camp if they express a willingness to learn, but only after evaluation by the instructor.

How to tack and groom a horse, anatomy, feeding, care of minor ailments, stable care and the proper method of riding the animal will be taught. There are three riding rings on the grounds and there will be several horses and ponies.

As for other outdoor aspects of the camps, there will be two large, heated swimming pools and lessons in this sport will be made available to all children.

Children who fancy the sport of bow and arrow will be able to use an archery range on the property. Another activity will be miniature golf.

Aside from the outdoor activities, there will be a wide variety of art and craft shops. The children will be able

(continued on page 23)

ALL ABOARD ENJOY A SCENIC RIDE ON THE GREAT STEAM TRAIN

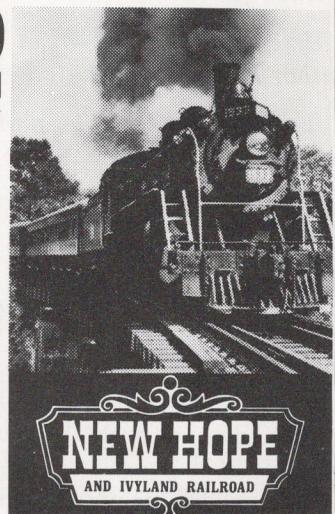
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WEEKEND EXCURSIONS, RAIN OR SHINE

Relive the sights and sounds of the thrilling age of steam! See Bucks at its best! Historical narration! Stop off and browse Lahaska's antique shops. Reboard a later train. A delight for children of every age! Bring your camera & tape recorder! Park free and ride from Buckingham Valley. Special rates for groups.

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+12:00 Noon 2:00PM 4:00PM	+12:10PM 2:10PM 4:10PM	+12:50PM 2:50PM 4:50PM	+12:45PM 2:45PM 4:45PM
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Have you ever seen a Himmels-brief?

Here's one offered by a York (Pa.) County witch to Arthur H. Lewis, author of *HEX* (pub. date Feb. 25th).

It's "guaranteed" to protect you from all manner of ailments, real or imaginary.

home and protection letter

Just as Christ remained still at the Mount of Olives, so shall all guns be still: Whosoever hath this letter about him shall be safe from the enemy's weapons of destruction. God will preserve him from robbers and murderers; it shall make him impervious to all deadly weapons that may be brought to bear upon him, by command of our most gracious master, Jesus Christ.

God is with him who carries this heavenly letter in war and in peace; he will be protected from all danger — in the distress of visitation of fire or water, it shall protect him. Whosoever doubts the truth of this may attach a copy of this letter to the neck of a dog and then fire upon him, and he will be convinced of its truthfulness. Who hath this letter with him will not be captured by the enemy, nor wounded by his weapons. Amen: As surely as Christ has lived, died and ascended to heaven, as surely as he has wandered upon the earth, so surely shall it be impossible to shoot or stab the bearer; everything shall be free from molestation. I conjure all weapons in this world in the name of our Savior's blood, that no bullet shall strike me, be it cast of gold, silver, iron or lead. God in heaven makes you secure and free from all, in the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit: Amen.

This letter was sent from Heaven, and found in Holstein, in the year of our Lord 1724. It was written in golden letters and soared above Wanda, but, if any one attempted to seize it, it vanished. In 1771, however, some one formed the idea to copy the letter and give its contents to the world. To this person the letter drew nigh, and he was enabled to copy the same, and it read as follows:

"He who worketh on the Sabbath day shall be damned: thou shalt not work upon this day, but attend divine service, and pray from the bottom of your heart. Thou shalt share thy riches with the poor. Thou shalt not be like the beasts of the field. I command thee: six days shalt thou labor and be heavily laden, but the seventh shalt thou rest and keep it holy, for thou shalt hear the word of God. If thou doest not keep this commandment, I shall punish thee by an infliction of famine, pestilence and war. Amen: I command you, also not to prolong your work into the night before the Sabbath day, for every one, be he young or old, should pray that his sins be forgiven. Use not my name only for the gain of gold or silver. Shun all human vice and lusts of the flesh, for as surely as I have created you, so surely can I destroy you. Be not false of tongue. Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Bear not false witness against thy neighbor, for then I shall be pleased with thee. Whosoever does not believe this letter and act in accordance therewith, he shall be damned and forsaken, and neither luck nor blessing shall attend him; for I say unto thee Jesus Christ has written this letter, and it is sinful to contradict its truth. Whosoever hath this letter and does not reveal the same shall be damned by the Christian Church;

(continued on page 23)



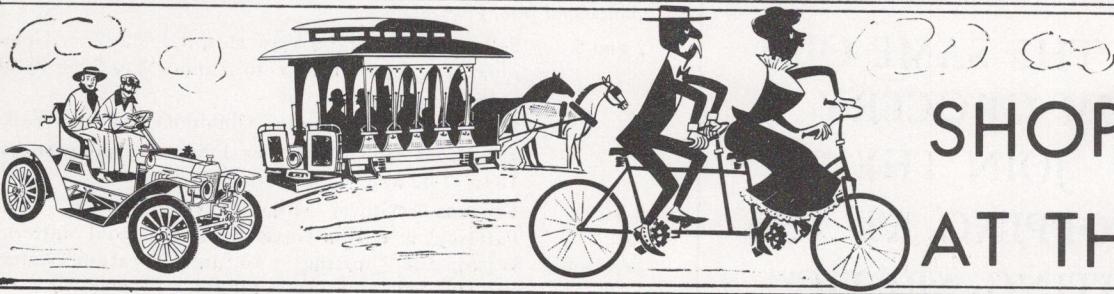
HEX, by Arthur H. Lewis. Trident Press, N.Y. 1969. 255 pp. \$4.95.

Nelson Rehmeye was certainly not the first Pennsylvania warlock [male witch] to be murdered, and will probably not be the last. But it is doubtful if any murder trial of any witches since Salem could receive more publicity. The unsympathetic eyes of the modern world were focussed on the trial of John Blymire and his companions, and everyone denounced the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for permitting witchcraft to flourish.

Fascinating as are the details of the white witch's efforts to have his own hex removed, and his "success" achieved at the expense of conspiracy and murder, the real thrust of the book is in the story of the trial. According to the author, "in the York County Courts of Oyer and Terminer, in January, 1929, there was no mercy, and, for that matter, not much justice." Certainly the Philadelphia *Record*'s prediction that the events would be "the weirdest and most curiously fascinating murder trial in the history of modern jurisprudence" was fulfilled.

Weird it was, but not because of a courtroom investigation of witchcraft. The very word, *witch*, was excluded from the testimony of the prosecution. Such a stigma as even the rumor of witchcraft was not to be a matter of public record. The real motive for the murder — one witch murdering another to remove a hex — was replaced by a fictitious one of robbery of a few cents.

According to the *Nation*, "that position of the Commonwealth amounted to suppression of the real facts. And Blymire, victim of York County's medievalism and sad circumstances of life, who belongs in the asylum from which he escaped . . . became in turn the victim of a pharisaical society."



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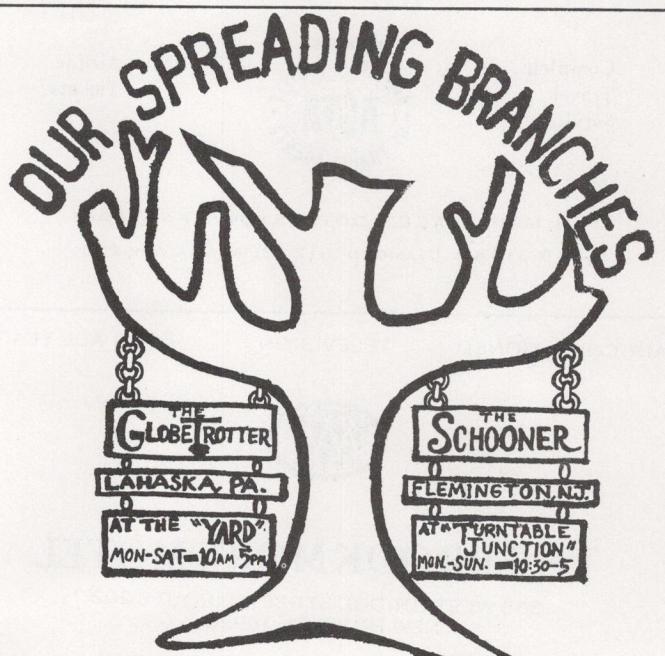
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(continued from page 3)

2 and 5 **Sellersville** — Grand View Hospital, May 2 — Geranium Tag Day, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. May 5 — Plant Sale, 10 a.m. til sold out.

3 **Washington Crossing** — Children's Nature Walk, Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Headquarters, 10 to 11:30 a.m.

3,4 **Erwinna** — Stover Mill, River Rd. 2 to 5 p.m. Paintings in Oil on Gesso by Mary Arnold Mattern.

Weekends **Washington Crossing** — Nature Education Center, Rte. 32, Sat. and Sun. Children's Programs 2 p.m. Also at 4 p.m.

Weekends **Bristol** — The Paddlewheel Queen — Replica of an old Mississippi River Stern-Wheeler making sightseeing tours Sat. at 1 and 3:30 p.m. and Sun all day. Mill St. Wharf. For further information [215] 788-0900 Or write: P. O. Box 401, Bristol, Pa. 19007.

4 **Washington Crossing** — Adult Nature Walk, Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Headquarters, 2 to 3.

3,4 **Doylestown** — 21st "A" Day, Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture, Rte. 202, 1 mile W. of Doylestown, Sat. 9 to 5 p.m.; Sun noon to 5 p.m.

6 **Washington Crossing** — Identification of Spring Flowers Series B, Session 2 - Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Hdqrs. 10 to 12 noon.

7 **Bristol** — The History of Movies, final week of series sponsored by the Radcliffe Cultural and Historical Foundation at the Grundy Memorial Library, Radcliffe St. Wed. 8 p.m. Cost 50 cents each lecture. Tickets - write to Foundation at 117 Franklin St., Bristol.

9, 10 **Buckingham** — Town and Country Players, "Little Mary Sunshine." The Barn, Route 263, 8 p.m.

15, 16, 17 **Washington Crossing** — Boy and Girl Scout Nature and Conservation Instruction - All Day.

10 **Milford Square** — Richland Grange Annual Chicken-Bar-B-Que. Milford Square Fire House. 4 p.m. on.

10 **New Hope** — 26th Open House Day — Benefit the New Hope Public Nursing Assn. Tickets \$3.50 per person. In advance write "Open House Day," New Hope, Pa. '8938, or purchase on May 10th at the Information Center, New Hope High School, Rt. 202.

10 **New Hope** — Pro Musica Society — Concert, Bucks County Playhouse. Tickets and information: 794-5005.

10, 11 **New Hope** — New Hope and Ivyland Railroad; Golden Spike Centennial Excursions. Box Lunch, Movies, souvenir Golden Spike. By reservation only.

Weekends from 10th **Erwinna** — Stover Mill, River Rd. 2 to 5 p.m. Oils and Watercolors by Alexander Farnham.

15, 16, 17 **Yardley** — Yardley Players at the Yardley Community Center, Play to be announced. 8:30 p.m.

16, 17 **Perkasie** — 4th Annual Pennridge Antique Show, Pennridge High School, Fifth St., 11:00 a.m. to 10 p.m. Snacks all day, Pennsylvania Dutch Dinner Sat. 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

17 **Telford** — Lockwood Galleries, 345 Church Road Films: "Leonardo," "Andres Segovia" and "Delacroix". 8 p.m. Free.

18 **Washington Crossing** — Annual Memorial Day Exercises, Soldiers Graves, 2 p.m. Morrell Smith Post 440, Newtown. Rain day exercises inside Memorial Building.

20 **Washington Crossing** — Identification of Spring Flowers Series A, Session 3, Bowman's Hill Wild-

(continued on page 25)



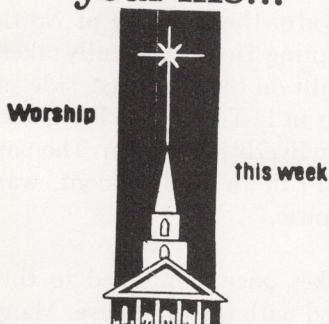
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348-4543

(continued from page 20)

every one is enjoined to circulate this letter, and he who believes in the mercy of God shall have his sins forgiven. Be assured, I will be gracious to all who believe herein; he who doubteth shall die the everlasting death, for I shall punish all on the Judgment Day who shall be unable to give an account of their sins. Whosoever shall have this letter with him shall be safe from thunder. A woman in possession of this letter will have healthy, lovely children. Keep the commandments I have given you through the holy angel Michael in the name of Jesus Christ: "Amen."

The Protection When One Is About To Meet An Enemy.

In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I go forward in the strength of God. I go forward in the might of God. I go forward in the blood of Christ, who is powerful against every enemy, whether visible or invisible. God, the Father is before me. God the Son is beside me. God, the Holy Ghost, is above. Upon these three Holy Ones I call, in order that no one may cut or stab me. And just as the blood of Christ upon the cross was shed for me, so all bullets shall be fired past. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I survey you from above. I conquer you from beneath. And I continually lead you.

In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Amen! Amen! Amen!

(continued from page 19)

to express themselves creatively in forms of painting, among these finger and easel painting. Instruction in ceramics, modeling in clay, and wood and leather craft will be available. A dramatics program is also being planned.

The area should prove to be an excellent setting for an authentic summer camp. There is a horse barn with fifteen stables and a rustic club house with tack and club rooms as well as a modern kitchen and separate rest rooms. On rainy days, children will be able to see equestrian films at the club house. These will be both educational and entertaining motion pictures. There will be cook-outs from time to time and there is at least one wooded acre for hiking and two streams for nature study purposes. Other animals will also help to create the camp setting.

The Hidden Valley Riding Farm, with its rolling meadows and wooded groves, does indeed offer something new and very special in the field of summer camps.



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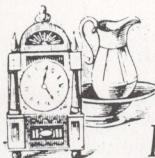
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348-5611

(continued from page 13)

SOME ANSWERS to Column Queries: The old stone arch bridge at Edison, formerly Bridge Point, consisted of seven arches and two abutments. Two arches were 20 feet wide, two were 33 feet wide, two were 27 and one was 30. Owing to a short curve at both ends of the bridge it proved very dangerous for auto travel and was abandoned in 1937 when a new concrete road was built further east on Route 611. The original bridge was authorized by the County Commissioners at a cost of \$13,476.16.

INGHAM FEMALE Seminary [Doylestown] Incorporated by Act of Pennsylvania Assembly April 16, 1838. Price of tuition was \$6.00 per quarter. The seminary opened in a small building back of the Bucks County courthouse but the seminary was anything but a success. A building was finally erected at the corner of Mechanic and Broad Streets, completed in 1842, costing \$450. At no time were there less than 25 students receiving instructions in Greek and Roman classics, mathematics and English literature. A piano was purchased from Stephen Blatchford, with stool and cover, for \$112.00 and was sold four years later for \$33.00. The building was sold to the Linden Female Seminary for \$623.43 and passed out of existence.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE: Unpretentious and weather-beaten but having the distinction of being the oldest house in Doylestown, the structure was presented Friday afternoon, October 6, 1911, to the Bucks County Historical Society. For many years it stood on the east side of North Main Street, opposite Clear Spring Hotel. Carefully taken down it was moved and rebuilt on the southeast side of the Historical Society grounds in D-Town. The log house was probably built by one John Byerly in 1799, or Thomas Roberts in 1803. Mrs. Conrad Elf, an aged resident, was the last occupant of the log house.

The late Judge Harmon Yerkes once mentioned to this Rambler a romance connected with the old house. Many years ago when Old Man Russell occupied the house there was a handsome pair of antlers on the end of the cabin. One morning Russell and his wife and daughters found an Indian by the spring sorely wounded and they nursed him back to health. After that he paid them annual visits and on one occasion presented the antlers. On his last visit however, he ran off with his benefactor's daughter.

* * *

IN ANSWER to another query, the Delaware River bridge at Point Pleasant, was erected in 1853-55 with all sorts of difficulties. The Sheriff levied on the unfinished material for debts of the contractors, and a cross suit was instituted against the Sheriff for trespass. The bridge was finally completed but years later was destroyed by floods.

* * *

(continued on page 26)

(continued from page 22)

flower Preserve Headquarters. 10 to 12 noon.
 23,24, New Hope — Phillips Mill presents its annual Spring
 29,30,31 Play "One for the Money", 8:30 p.m. For tickets
 and further information call Mrs. Charles Mueller,
 New Hope, 862, 2033.

24 Quakertown — The Children's Little Theatre, Program in Quakertown Elementary Cafetorium on S. 7th St., 2 to 4 p.m.

24 Langhorne — 13th Annual Langhorne-Middletown Library Fair. Hill & Maple Ave., 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Entertainment. Luncheon 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

25 Quakertown — "Fun Day" at the Bar W. Ranch, sponsored by the Haycock Riding Club, Paletown Rd. Quakertown.

27 Washington Crossing — Wildflower Propagation, Series B, Session 1, Seeds- Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve Headquarters — 10 to 12 noon.

30 Washington Crossing — Spend Memorial Day at Washington Crossing State Park.

DOYLESTOWN NATURE CLUB

As spring arrives in eastern Pennsylvania the Doylestown Nature Club invites you to share the lovely season on A Spring Walking Tour of Picturesque Doylestown, on Saturday, May 3rd. from 10:30 to 4 P.M.

All featured sites are within easy walking distance of the Bucks County Courthouse where tickets will be sold at the start of the tour.

Colored slides will be shown at intervals during the day in the Community Room of the Courthouse, North Main and Court Streets, to highlight points of interest along the walk. After this introduction you may make the self-guided tour at your own pace and then enjoy tea at the James-Lorah Memorial Home, 132 North Main Street, where you will be greeted by club members.

Free parking space will be found in the Jurors Parking Lot, opposite the Courthouse, off North Main Street (Route 611). The parking area may also be entered off Union Street.

Tickets are available in advance from Miss Elsie R. Haney, 131 West Oakland Ave., Doylestown, Pa. 18901. A donation of \$2.00 includes tea.

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Photo by Mr. & Mrs. G. Ciuccarelli

(continued from page 24)

THIRTY: Deputy Sheriff Walt Bachmann tells this one. When the time came for the little boy to have his first look at his newborn brother, he stared at the baby's red, toothless face and wrinkled little hands.

"Well, son," his father asked, "What do you think of your brother?"

The boy shook his head slowly. "Now I understand why Mom hid him under her coat for so long!"

(continued from page 9)

in yesteryear. It shows costumed youngsters in a gay dance on one side. On the other in half-worn print the following poem:

May
The sooty garb now laid aside
With garlands gay and ribband pride
The Urchins of the Chimney prance
Through laughing streets in merry dance

Are chimney sweeps gone from the modern scene? Not by a long-handled broom! An article in a recent Philadelphia newspaper wrote of a woman chimney sweep in Germany who is as adept at getting around on rooftops as any slim youngster of yesteryear.

Not so long ago a Bucks Countian came across a small truck loaded with brooms and brushes and a front seat occupied by two soot-smeared men. The van advertised their trade in big letters: Chimney Sweeps.

Was it a good business, they were asked. Indeed it was. Not just industrial, either. Lots of home calls. Takes a team of two men always. One atop the roof; one at the base of the chimney to catch the cleanings. In some cases, a man must descend the chimney (a mighty small man, of course, as of old).

But the children of the trade have vanished. And with them the May Day festivities that filled the streets with the skipping footsteps, the shrill songs and the loud clattering of shovel and broom of the little "Urchins of the Chimney."

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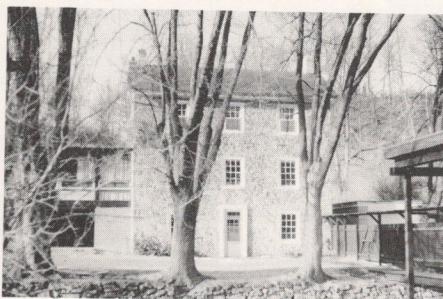
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